









# MY CAPTIVE.

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER,  
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"The Sun of Saratoga," Etc.

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Her look was full of unbelief, and we  
relapsed into silence again. The shadows  
grew in the sky. The sun blazed like  
fire, and my old trouble about the future  
came back.

The horses ceased to pant and walked  
now with springy steps, their weariness  
gone. Old Put thrust his nose under my  
arm and whinnied gently. He was talk-  
ing in the language that we two under-  
stood. I rubbed his soft nose.

"Yes, old fellow," I said to him,  
"you have done your duty well, as you  
always do. We'll stop soon, and then  
I'll find you something to eat."

He whinnied again and rubbed his  
nose on my sleeve, for he understood.  
"He looks like a good horse," said  
the girl.

"Never better," I replied and with  
emphasis.  
"I like a good horse," she said.

"So do I. That's the reason I'm so  
fond of Old Put."

"I wonder if he would be as friendly  
with me?"

"I don't know. He usually likes old  
friends best, but still Old Put is a horse  
of fine taste."

Her evident admiration of Old Put ap-  
pealed to me, and I thought I would  
give her the little compliment. Women  
like such things, and again I felt as if  
I could afford to be generous.

She put her hand upon his nose and  
stroked it gently. It was a white, well  
shaped hand, with pretty tapering fin-  
gers. Old Put must have admired it.

He assisted in the rubbing task, sway-  
ing his nose gently to and fro, and he  
whinnied once softly as he did when he  
was talking to me.

He seemed to have forgotten the boy who had given him.  
"See," she said triumphantly. "He  
has found a new friend, a good friend,  
and he knows it. He is almost as fond  
of me as he is of you."

I was surprised, greatly surprised.  
Heretofore Old Put had always proved  
himself to be an excellent judge of  
character, and now he was putting his  
trust in this English girl, who had  
shown herself to be unworthy of any  
trust whatever. Poor Old Put! Another  
masculine doppelgänger! He was growing old,  
he was falling into his dotage. I felt a  
certain sadness at these signs of mental  
decay in my faithful horse. But they  
marched on, his silky nose pressed  
closely against her arm, and meanwhile  
the sun was sinking and the shadows  
were deepening and lengthening.

"I do not think it is necessary for us  
to walk any more," I said. "The horses  
are now thoroughly rested from their  
race and are willing to do their part,  
which is to carry us."

She looked at her ugly brown back  
in some dismay.

"It's such a rough traveler I believe  
I rather walk," she said.

He certainly had a most irregular,  
jumping kind of gait, which would  
make him an unpleasant mount for  
anybody, but there seemed to be no re-  
course. Horses were not running loose  
around us for me to catch.

"But we can't help it," I said. "We  
can ride slowly, in a walk. If I mis-  
behave, use that switch you have picked  
up."

She walked steadily on.

"Now, if he were like this one," she  
said, stroking Old Put's nose, "I would  
be glad to ride again."

"Suppose I change the saddles, then,"  
I said, "and let you ride Old Put?"

It was a great concession for me to  
make, but her appreciation of my horse  
had touched me for the moment.

"Do you think he would let me?"  
she said, looking at Old Put doubtfully  
and timidly.

Now I was indignant. It was a slur  
upon the character of Old Put, one of  
the gentlest and best bred of horses, to  
insinuate that he would behave badly  
with a lady on his back.

"No man except myself has ridden  
him in years," I said. "Perhaps no  
woman has ever ridden him at all, but  
that is no reason why one should not  
ride him now."

"But I am afraid," she protested  
again in timid fashion. All her courage  
seemed to have gone. Again I say you  
have only to be stern with a woman to  
keep her at your feet.

"Nonsense!" I said, a little roughly.  
"We'll stop talking about this and do it  
at once."

I halted the horses and changed the  
saddles, while she looked doubtfully on.  
Old Put submitted like an angel, and I  
drew the girl tight. Then I said:

"Now, if you would know what a  
real saddle horse is, Miss Howard, just  
jump up there."

"Will you help me?"

Another proof of her subdued condi-  
tion!

I laid out my hand in most gallant  
fashion. She leaned on it for a moment  
to give herself a support and sprang  
into the saddle. Then, giving Old Put a  
cut with the switch which she had  
picked up, she galloped away.

"Goodby, Mr. Marcell," she shouted.  
"I ride the better horse now."

She turned Old Put's nose to the  
southwest, and away she went at the  
very best speed of which my good horse  
was capable, and that was much. Her  
yellow hair flew in the wind, as before,  
like the streamers of a defiant battle-  
flag, and either with or without intent  
the red cap she wore was set rakishly  
and saucily on one side of her head.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MERIT OF A GOOD HORSE.

I paused, not to swear this time, but  
for a momentary reflection on the vani-  
ty of man and the deceitfulness of wom-  
an in taking advantage of it, and then I  
sprang upon the back of that old brown  
hack—confound him for an army mule  
without the ears!—and gave chase. I  
had no switch or whip, but I roveled  
him and kicked him in the sides until I  
frightened him into a greater speed than  
he or any one else believed to dwell  
within his long frame. He gave a wild

snort, and we plunged after the fleet  
girl, rocking and swaying like a boat in  
a stormy sea, but even with such exer-  
tion he could not compare with Old Put.  
Despite the anxiety of the moment, I  
noted his inferiority with some pride,  
but then I remembered how much de-  
pended upon the success of the pursuit,  
and I continued to urge on my own  
mount.

Strive and strain as we could and  
ride and jump as I would with all my  
arms and legs, we lost ground rapidly.  
The girl turned her head once to look  
at me, and I thought I saw a look of  
triumph on her face, but I suppose it  
was my imagination which was indis-  
tinctly tormenting me just then. I  
groaned at the certainty of her escape,  
and then hope seized me, for I remem-  
bered suddenly that I, too, had a trick  
to play, Old Put and I possessed a com-  
mon language in which we often talked,  
with perfect understanding. I put two  
fingers to my lips and blew between  
them a long, shrill whistle, which cut  
the air and traveled like the scream of  
a siff. It was a request, a command  
even, to him to stop and wait for me.  
He twisted his long neck in the manner  
of one listening, looking back at me to  
see what I meant, but he went on,  
though with slightly diminished speed,  
his manner indicating that he was un-  
certain what I had said.

The girl was belaboring him with  
the switch, for she must have noticed  
his decreasing gait. I whistled again,  
and as Old Put's pace sank to a trot  
she beat him fiercely with the switch.

A third whistle, and Old Put, now in  
perfect accord with me, stopped stock  
still; not only that, but he faced about  
and neighed joyously. The girl threw  
the remains of her switch upon the  
ground and began to cry, not pitifully,  
but angrily, fiercely. I rode up slowly  
and held out my hand to Old Put, who  
rubbed his nose against it. He knew  
his master and best friend. Never had  
I beaten him, and now there were  
stripes and welts on his side where she  
had pounded him with a switch, or  
rather stick.

"Why didn't you not tell me what sort  
of a horse he was," she cried, "and  
then I would not have made myself  
look so ridiculous, sitting here as if I  
had been tied and waiting for you to  
come up?"

"Miss Howard," I said in some as-  
tonishment, "do you expect me to show  
you the way to escape?"

"I do not expect anything from you,  
a rebel," she said. "Do not speak to  
me again."

All right; that suited me. I did not  
want to talk to her. She used words  
only to inveigle me into some incau-  
tious mood. But it was necessary for me  
to tell her to dismount in order that I  
might change saddles again, as I did  
not intend to give her another such op-  
portunity. I did not offer to assist her,  
having had enough of that, but stood  
beside the brown hack, watching her  
with a look that was now strictly mili-  
tary.

"Why don't you help me down?" she  
said angrily. "Have you no courtesy  
for a lady?"

"You have declined such assistance  
from a rebel before," I said in reply to  
her unexpected question.

"And I decline again. You needn't  
offer it," she said abruptly, springing to  
the ground, when I had no thought of  
offering it.

As soon as she was off his back Old  
Put showed the greatest distrust of her  
and aversion. He shied as far away  
from her as my hold on his bridle would  
let him, and his big, dark eyes shone  
with wrath. I was glad that he had  
come back to his senses, and he, like I,  
should have known her thoroughly from  
the first and always.

"We don't intend to be deceived by  
her again, do we, old comrade?" said I  
to him.

He nodded his head in emphatic fas-  
hion, and his big eye winked intelligen-  
tly. Her eyes flashed a little, but she took  
no other notice.

"Look well at this lady, Put," I  
said. "Do you note her?"

He nodded.

"She's English, we're Americans,  
and therefore she's an enemy and not to  
be trusted. Watch her well," I coun-  
titled.

He nodded violently.

"Now, Miss Howard," I said severe-  
ly, "I've changed those saddles, and  
they are ready for our use when we  
need them, but meanwhile we'll walk  
again, as we've tired our horses out for  
the second time, and all your fault too."

She said nothing, but walked on in  
the way which I had indicated, keeping  
eight or ten feet from me. She had  
ceased to cry and had given her features  
a fixed and angry set.

I was troubled greatly. We had  
wasted so much time over her futile  
efforts to escape that the problem of a  
night's shelter had grown more diffi-  
cult and pressing, and I intended that  
my attention should not be diverted  
from it again. Therefore I would take  
precautions. I drew from my pocket a  
long silk handkerchief, a trophy of the  
Moonlight campaign, which I had pre-  
served with great care.

"Hold out your hands," I said.

"What would you do?" she asked,  
turning upon me a look of fire.

But I was firm. My experience had  
been too great.

"Hold out your hands," I repeated.

"I intend to bind them together. You  
play too many tricks."

"You are not a gentleman," I said.

"You have told me that three or four  
times already. It won't bear further  
repetition."

"I will not submit to such a thing."

"Then I will have to use force, which  
will make it much more unpleasant for  
you."

I hated to do what I had planned. It  
was rude and severe, but then there were  
few who have had women prisoners  
like mine, and consequently there are  
few who are in a position to judge me.  
I prefer greatly to deal with the regular  
forces, but in this case I had no choice,  
and so I strengthened my will and pro-  
ceeded.

"Hold out your wrists," I repeated.

"I shall not hurt you. I merely wish to  
keep you out of further mischief."

"I shall never forgive you," she said.

I could afford to laugh at such a  
threat.

"I trust that nobody will forgive me  
until I ask for forgiveness," I said.

She looked at me, her eyes full of re-  
bellion. I thought she was going to  
raise her hand to strike me, but women  
are so changeable and uncertain. In-  
stead she held out her hands meekly.

I bound her wrists together and no-  
ticed that they were white and well  
molded. The handkerchief was soft and  
could not pain her at all, and, besides,  
her hands were bound in front of her  
and not behind her. She need feel no  
inconvenience, but she must realize that  
her opportunities for mischief were di-  
minished vastly. Old Put looked at her  
with an air of triumph, as much as to  
say, "Now, miss, you are being pun-  
ished, and punished deservedly, for beat-  
ing me so much." That seemed to be  
her own understanding of herself.

We resumed our march, the horses  
walking behind us. The rim of the sun  
was now meeting the rim of the earth,  
and the western skies were tinged with  
ruddy fire. In the east the misty gray  
of twilight was descending on field and  
forest, and the chill of night was creep-  
ing over everything. Even in our South  
Carolina latitudes the nights are cold in  
midwinter, and I shivered as a twilight  
wind, with a raw edge to it, swept over  
the plain.

There was a heavy cloak hanging at  
her saddle horn, for she had not ven-  
tured upon her journey unprepared. I  
took it off and threw it over her shoul-  
ders. It fell below her waist like a great  
coat, and I buttoned it securely around  
her neck.

"You are a barbarian," she said.

"I know it," I replied, "but I do not  
intend to let you suffer more than is  
necessary for your own good. That is  
the kind of barbarians we are in this  
country."

The country was lone and desolate,  
for we were on the sterile slopes of the  
hills. It was thinly peopled at the best  
of times, but now, raided incessantly by  
Tarleton's legion, which knew no mercy  
to anything, whether animate or inani-  
mate, and plundered, too, by wild bands  
which claimed to belong to either army,  
as the occasion served, and perhaps be-  
longed to neither, the people had fled to  
securer regions, where one side or the  
other was master. Only those who have  
seen it know the sufferings of a country  
harried by opposing armies and predat-  
ory bands. I had hoped to find some  
friendly farmer bolder than the rest with  
whom my prisoner and I could find  
shelter, or if not that, at least some  
abandoned house which would give us  
a roof, but I saw no sign of a human  
face except our own, and no roof appear-  
ed either in the fields or among the  
trees.

It was a solitude bleak and cold,  
and the declining sun, now half way  
behind the earth, warned me that it  
would soon be time to stop, for the  
darkness would be upon us, and in a  
land of hills, gullies and no roads we  
could not travel well without light.

Despairing of such shelter as I had  
expected, I turned our course toward a  
thick grove of trees rising like a great  
castle on the left. When we entered it,  
the shadows already made darkness  
there, and the night wind moaned  
among the dry branches of the trees. I  
saw the girl shiver, and again I felt  
pity for her in spite of all that she tried  
to do, though I lost none of my distrust  
and caution.

Almost in the center of the grove was  
a small open space, sheltered from the  
rush of cold air by the great trees which  
grew so thickly around it. It seemed to  
me to be the likeliest spot we could find  
for a camp. I hitched the horses to  
boughs of the trees and took from my  
pocket a small flask of that clear, fiery  
good soldier, brandy, which I drew  
the stopper and handed it to the girl.

"Take a little of this," I said. "You  
must if you do not expect to catch your  
death of cold."

"I would if I could," she said, "but  
I cannot while my hands are tied."

"I had forgotten the handkerchief,"  
I replied, "but I don't think we'll need  
it any longer. You have been warmed  
sufficiently."

I unbound her wrists and replaced the  
handkerchief in my pocket.

"But you're right," I said, "that this  
handkerchief is an evidence that I have  
put my mark upon you and that you be-  
long to me—that is, you are my prisoner  
until such time as I choose to give you  
up."

"Her face flushed.

"I will not endure such talk," she  
said, "from a rebel who within six  
months may be hanged by his outraged  
king for treason."

"You can't escape it," I said, "and  
the king can't hang me before he  
catches me. I'm a long way from Lon-  
don to South Carolina, and I hear the  
king is fat and lazy and suffers from  
seasickness."

But she drank the whisky, just a lit-  
tle of it, though enough to put more  
sparkle in her eye, and handed the flask  
to me without a word of thanks. Then  
she sat down on a fallen tree and looked  
idly in front of her as if she had no in-  
terest whatever in anything.

I gathered up armfuls of the dry  
brushwood and tossed them into a heap,  
to which I set fire with the flint and  
steel I always carried. The fire blazed  
up rapidly and snapped at it bit through  
the wood. Its merry crackling drowned  
the desolate moan of the wind, and the  
long red ribbons of flame and the fast  
forming bed of live coals threw out a  
kindly heat that fended off the chill of  
the night. Even the girl, angry and hu-  
miliated as she seemed to be, felt the  
influence of the light and warmth and  
edged along the log until she was much  
closer and the fire could shine directly  
upon her face. Old Put was frank in  
his appreciation, coming to the full  
length of his tether and wagging his  
head in a manner which said to me as  
plain as day, "You have done well."

Even the stupid brown hack understood  
and imitated Old Put's example.

Higher rose the fire and drove back  
the shadows, but the darkness was now  
rolling up to the circle of light, and  
beyond the sparkle of the flames began  
to rise like a wall. The sun was gone,  
and a faint, fading pink tint in the  
west marked the way his flight had

taken him. Over all the world the twi-  
light drooped, and the winter wind  
mourned the dead day.

"Are there ghosts in the forest?" sud-  
denly asked the girl.

"None that I ever heard of," I said.

"It is so unlike England."

"How?"

"So much wilder."

I had heard of their forests there, or  
rather what they call forests—some acres  
of trees, with the undergrowth cut  
away and the lawns shaven, every road  
patrolled by keepers or workmen, a mere  
plaything of a forest—but here in  
America are the real forests, just as  
nature made them, the desolate wilder-  
ness through which the wild animals  
howl, while the lone wind plays its  
song on the branches or leaves of the  
trees. This is the real forest, a place in  
which man becomes about as big as a  
tick on the sea. Never the lone hunter,  
though 50 years his home, fails to feel  
its immensity and desolation. The girl  
drew the edges of her cloak a little  
more tightly and moved as close to the  
fire as the end of the log would allow  
her.

"If you will permit me," I said, "I  
will give you a better seat by the fire  
than that."

She rose without a word, and I rolled  
the log well within the warmth of the  
blaze. She resumed her seat, and the  
freight flickered and played over her  
face, tinting her cheeks with deep red  
and spangling her brown gold hair  
with patches of scarlet and crimson.

The little red cap had been pulled se-  
curely down on her head, and, sitting  
there in the alternate light and dark-  
ness, her figure lithe and strong, she  
looked like some Saxon wood nymph.

But I did not grieve my good deeds.  
I call myself a thoughtful trooper, and  
from the saddlebags I carried across my  
saddle, bow I took a cold chicken, a  
piece of cold boiled ham and some hard  
biscuits, a dinner fit for a prince, or  
rather an honest American citizen,  
which was better, in these hard times  
of war. To this royal collection I added  
a canteen well filled with water, re-  
membered the stout little flask in my  
breast pocket, and the repast was com-  
plete, all but the serving.

Her eyes sparkled at the sight of the  
good things. Wood nymphs, Saxon or  
other, must eat.

"Let me carve the chicken," she said.

"You have neither a table, plates nor  
a knife," I said.

"This log will serve as a table, some  
of those clean dry leaves as plates, and  
you could lend me a knife."

"How could I lend you a knife, a  
weapon, after all the tricks you have  
tried to play upon me? You don't forget  
this, do you?"

I took the little toy pistol with  
which she had tried to shoot me out of  
my pocket and held it up before her,  
but she laughed. Women don't seem to  
have any conscience, or at least they  
forget their crimes, which is convenient  
for their peace of mind.

"Give me the knife," she said, "and  
don't waste time. I'm hungry."

Indistracted her as much as ever, even  
more, but I opened the blade of my  
clasp knife and handed it to her.

"A very good knife," she said, "but  
I have no doubt it was stolen from an  
Englishman. Ah, here it is—the name  
of an English maker on the blade!"

"It was not stolen!" I exclaimed in-  
dignantly. "I took it from him fairly  
at the battle of Monmouth, where he  
fell into my hands."

"That, I suppose, is a good enough  
title for a rebel," she said and began  
to carve the chicken.

It was a fine, fat chicken, beautifully  
roasted, and she showed that she knew  
how to carve, for she deftly clipped off a  
leg, which she held up before me.

"That looks fat and good to eat," she  
said, "and it's a fine chicken, but I've  
no doubt it was stolen from a loyal sub-  
ject of King George."

"It's not true!" I exclaimed in some  
wrath. "He was a Tory farmer, I admit,  
but I did not steal the chicken. I took  
it before his eyes, and he never said a  
word."

"Afraid, I suppose, but it doesn't  
make any difference to you. It will  
taste just as good to a rebel. Here, take  
your piece on this big, clean leaf and  
eat."

I took the piece and ate. She carved  
off a portion for herself, too, and ate  
with a good appetite. Then I handed  
her the canteen of water and told her to  
take a drink.

"Don't be afraid," I said. "I took  
that water out of a clear brook in the  
wilderness, and the land through which  
it flowed belonged to God, not to any  
Englishman or Tory."

"But how about the canteen?" she  
asked. "Did you steal that from any  
English soldier or take it by violence,  
which is worse?"

I showed her the name of the maker,  
a Boston man, upon it.

"A vile rebel town, the worst of them  
all," she said.

But she took a good drink out of it,  
and when she handed it back to me I  
imitated her example. Then, while the  
fire crackled and blazed higher and the  
circle of light widened and the darkness  
beyond it thickened, we ate and drank,  
and I grew cheerful. I had defeated all  
her attempts, and tomorrow I would  
find Morgan and give her into other  
hands and be rid of all my troubles, yet  
I was compelled to admit once again  
that she was very beautiful with the  
firelight flickering and playing over her  
face and hair, but all the world knows,  
as I have said, that the handsome wom-  
en are the most dangerous, the most  
cunning, and I was on my guard against  
any new attempt of hers to escape.

Still, when I looked around at the  
blackness of the night and heard the  
sigh of the cold wind above the crack-  
ling of the fire, I did not think that she  
would dare to attempt it. I knew no  
woman who would venture alone on a  
winter night into that uncanny wilder-  
ness, and, knowing it, I felt easy.

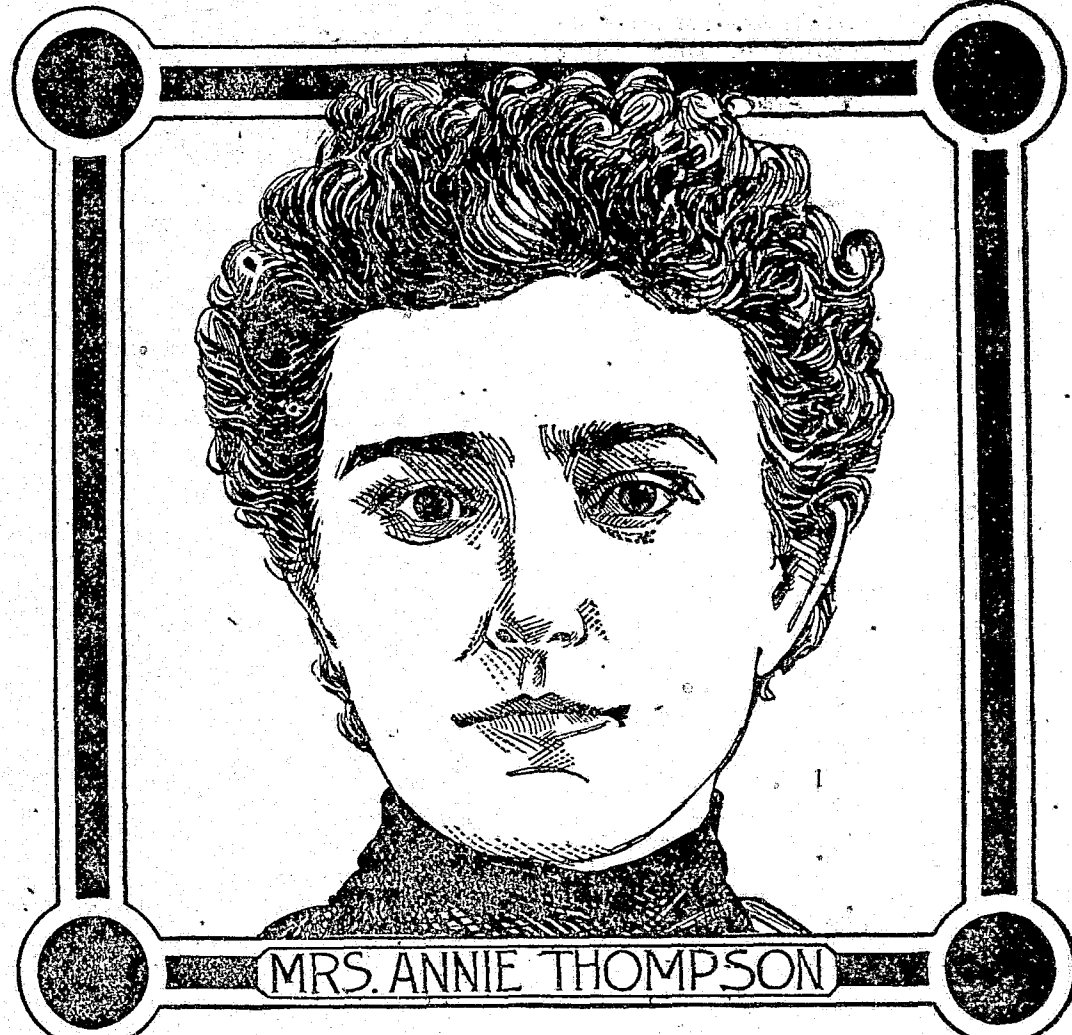
To be continued.

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subscribers.

"I was in bed five weeks with the  
grip—nerves shattered, stomach and  
liver badly deranged. Was cured with  
Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver  
Pills."—D. C. Walker, Hallsville, O.

# THANKFUL TO MRS. PINKHAM

Letters Proving Positively that  
there is No Medicine for Woman's  
Ills Equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound.



(ALL LETTERS ARE PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.)

"I cannot say enough in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has done me more good than all the doctors. I have been troubled with female weakness in its worst form for about ten years. I had leucorrhoea and was so weak that I could not do my household work."

I also had falling of the womb and inflammation of the womb and ovaries, and at menstrual periods I suffered terribly. At times my back would ache very hard. I could not lift anything or do any heavy work; was not able to stand on my feet long at a time. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for doctors, but they did me no good. My husband's sister wrote what the Vegetable Compound had done for her, and wanted me to try it, but I did not then think it would do me any good. After a time, I concluded to try it, and I can truly say it does all that is claimed for it. Ten bottles of the Vegetable Compound and seven packages of Sanative Wash have made a new woman of me. I have had no womb trouble since taking the fifth bottle. I weigh more than I have in years; can do all my own household work, sleep well, have a good appetite, and now feel that life is worth living. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel that it has saved my life and would not be without it for anything. I am always glad to recommend it to all my sex, for I know if they will follow Mrs. Pinkham's directions, they will be cured."

Gratefully yours, MRS. ANNIE THOMPSON, South Hot Springs, Ark.

## CHANGE OF LIFE.

"I was taken sick five years ago with 'The Grippe,' and had a relapse and was given up by the doctor and my friends. Change of life began to work on me. I flowed very badly until a year ago, then my stomach and lungs got so bad, I suffered terribly; the blood went up in my lungs and stomach, and I scarcely anything. I cannot tell what I suffered with my head. My husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken half of it I began to improve, and to-day I am another woman. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine has saved my life. I cannot praise it enough."

M. A. DENSON, Millport, N.Y.







## HOT TIME IN PEKING

STORY OF THE SIEGE OF THE FOREIGN LEGATIONS.

Threats and Murders Before the Boxer Outbreak—Signal for Attack Found the Defenders Alert—Gallant Work on the Walls.

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ONLY a day's sensation for the world was the siege of the legations at Peking, but to the besieged the experience was a horror of nearly two months' duration never to be blotted out of mind. From June 17, the day of the fighting at Taku, until the allies marched up, the middle of August, death from Chinese bullets or starvation or massacre seemed inevitable. The Boxer uprising in May led to daily insults to foreigners in the streets of Peking. Next came the murder of missionaries and the general cry of the Chinese that the foreigners must go. The wildest rumors were spread by friends and enemies. The ministers appealed to the tsung-li-yamen, and at a meeting called to deliberate on the evil there were but four Chinese members present, and one of them slept during Sir Claude MacDonald's protest against the daily murders of missionaries. At the request of the legations the throne issued an edict, but managed to put the Boxers on the back, and meanwhile the empress dowager was holding a fête at the summer palace. Rumors of Admiral Seymour's relief expedition reached the legations and members went to the outskirts to meet it. When they turned back disappointed the Chinese jeered and cried out, "An end to the foreigners."

The Japanese chancellor was murdered while outside the gates awaiting the arrival of the relief force. At this time, June 11, all telegraphic communication had been cut. On the 12th a deputation of Chinese officials called at the legations and declared that the Boxer movement had been suppressed, adding that China would protect the foreign envoys as guests and strangers within her walls. Yet the very next day the Boxers began to burn foreign buildings within sight of the legations. Native Christians were murdered by wholesale. Late at night a party of Boxers advanced from the burning mission and customs buildings toward the Austrian legation, and the first defense was made. They were allowed to come within 150 yards of the legation, and then a machine gun opened upon them. Owing to the lay of the ground all the bullets went over the target, and the Boxers claimed this as an evidence of their invulnerability.

After this attempt of the Boxers the legations set to work to prepare for a long defense. Barricades were thrown up at various points, and pickets were set to watch the gathering of Boxers close to the lines. All couriers from the legations to the outside world were turned back. Patrols sent out to neighboring mission districts to succor native Christians found the Boxers at work massacring the helpless people. One patrol shot down 46 Boxers caught red handed at their work. On the 19th of June the Chinese sent an ultimatum to the legations saying that as the allies had threatened the forts at Taku China considered it an act of war and the legations must leave Peking within 24 hours or protection could not be guaranteed. It was already known to the Chinese that the Taku forts had been taken.

As the ultimatum closed with the assurance that the legations would be given safe conduct and transport the ministers asked the nature of the safeguard, considering that the country was filled with hostile rebels. The diplomatic corps decided to accept the ultimatum, and the Americans began to get ready, but the British waited further demands. On the morning of the 24th, no reply having been received to the demands as to safeguards, it was moved in a meeting of the diplomatic body that all the ministers go to the tsung-li-yamen for an answer. This was probably what the Chinese looked for, but no one seconded the motion. The German minister, Baron von Ketteler, spoke Chinese fluently and with his Chinese secretary stood alone for the yamen. He had asked the previous day for an audience at 9 a. m. the 20th. Before leaving the legation precincts and while close to a Chinese police station the baron was shot dead in his chair by a soldier in full uniform. The secretary was also fired upon, but he escaped and ran to the yamen, where he found neither prince nor minister in waiting to receive his chief.

The ministers in the legations were quickly informed of the fate of their colleague. A little later a dispatch was received from the yamen rescinding the ultimatum for the reason that the country swarmed with brigands, and it would be unsafe for the ministers to start for Tientsin. All of this was interpreted to mean that having failed to get all the ministers in the trap with Von Ketteler they would attack the legations. The garrison, consisting of 18 officers and 289 men, was posted around the compound, and at 4 p. m. the time limit of the ultimatum, the Chinese under cover at every point of vantage opened rifle fire upon the Austrian and French outposts.

The siege had begun, and the temper of the foreigners was quickly shown. The American legation building had already been given up as untenable, the Austrians quickly abandoned theirs, and the whole force of officials, with their families, excepting the French minister, crowded into the British compound. At the main gate of the foreign inclosure the besieged placed the British Nordenfeldt in a

redoubt. There were three other guns in the armament, the Italians having a one pounder, the Americans a Colt and the Austrians a machine gun.

Around the British legation the defenders built walls of sand bags. It was dangerous for a foreigner to show himself in the daytime. The Chinese were continually sniping. They also tried to burn the British legation by firing buildings close to it when the wind was favorable. On the 23d of June the Chinese mounted a Krupp gun 1,000 yards from the legations and began throwing shells.

A second Krupp gun was posted 300 yards from the British legation and another hauled close to the American barricade on the city walls. A desperate sortie to capture the gun near the legation failed. In front of the German barricade the Chinese had a Krupp gun, which shelled the German position, and on the morning of July 1 a band of Celestials surprised and routed the German guard. This left the American barricade without support, and the guard fell back to the main line. The wall was the key to the position. The American Captain Myers immediately dashed for the barricade with about 30 followers and secured it before the Chinese saw their opportunity.

Later in the day, July 1, Captain Paolini of the Italian contingent led a gallant sortie to capture a Krupp which was firing into the compound at close range. It could only be reached by means of a long lane at the head of which was a Chinese barricade. Paolini's men, 20 in number, rushed along the lane for some yards, when suddenly the Chinese rifles on the barricade opened fire. At the first fire Paolini was wounded and two Italians killed. By taking shelter and covering one another for man the assailants managed to retreat through a wall bordering on the lane.

Meanwhile the Chinese authorities brazenly treated the ministers as though all was peaceful. They sent in communications asking the ministers to attend to diplomatic matters of a local nature. On July 3 Captain Myers with a force of 56 men gallantly charged the Chinese barricade on the wall and captured it. This was the first success of the siege. Casualties were suffered every day in the ordinary exposure of the siege. By the middle of July the Chinese had a Krupp gun on the wall within 40 yards of the American barricade. On the 23rd a mine was exploded under the French legation and two marines killed. Several officers standing over the mine narrowly escaped. On the 14th the Chinese again tried to get the foreigners to leave Peking. In a communication signed by Prince Ching "and others" the ministers were informed that the relief expedition of June had been turned back by Boxers. An asylum was offered the besieged in the tsung-li-yamen if the ministers, with their staffs and families, would leave the compound in detachments under escort of Chinese officers.

Meanwhile the Chinese in Peking knew that Tien-tsin had been captured by the allies, and they made further effort to bring about peace with the legations, although firing continued. The ministers declined to go out, and the Chinese pledged protection



CAPTAIN PAOLINI'S SORTIE

In the compound. On the 16th the first message from the outside world came, in the shape of a dispatch from the state department at Washington to Minister Conger, saying, "Communicate tidings to bearer." Conger replied in cipher: "For one month we have been besieged in British legation under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre." This incident led to a gradual cessation of attacks by the Chinese, although they continued firing into the compound. Letters passed between the ministers and Chinese daily. But when the news was verified that the allied troops were marching to the relief of the legations a fresh fusillade of rifle fire and bombardment was opened and kept up for two days. On the 14th of August shell and volley firing was heard off at the east gate of Peking, and the Chinese turned away from the legations. From daylight until past noon the anxious souls waited on the walls, and while munching horseflesh for the midday meal the cry was raised, "The British are coming!" Then stalwart, swarthy Sikhs and the sturdy Rajputs swung round an angle in the wall into view, marching for the gate of the legation. The siege was raised.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

The cheerful idiot. "Dear me!" said the typewriter boarder. "What do you think of a couple that have been courting for 25 years? What sort of an anniversary could you call that?" "I should call it silver spoon," said the cheerful idiot.—Indianapolis Press.

## HAILSTORMS AVERTED.

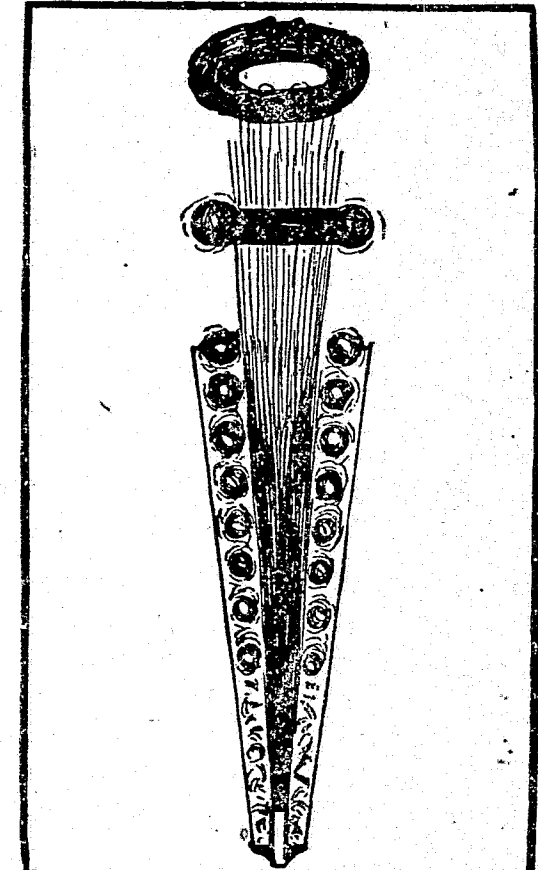
French Wine Growers Protect Their Crops With Cannon.

John C. Covert, United States consul at Lyons, France, has made an interesting report to the state department regarding the use of cannon in France to prevent the destruction of grapes by hailstorms. It is given at length by the New York Herald.

Mr. Covert describes his visit to the towns of Denise and Boiss d'Oing to see how the grape owners vanquished their most dreaded enemy—the hail.

Consul Covert says: "Two long cannons were displayed in each place, almost identical in shape, but different in the manner of firing. Each gun is of the shape of an inverted cone, the opening at the mouth being 28½ inches wide. It is planted upon a tripod three feet high. The gun itself is six feet six inches high above the tripod. It is made of thin boiler iron. At its base is a forged breech, which holds a forged iron block.

"In the center of this block is an aperture six inches long, about the size of a large dynamite cartridge, in which



CROSS SECTION OF HAIL CANNON. is placed a metallic cartridge containing 50 grains of blasting powder, wedged with a cork and tamped like an ordinary miner's blast. It is discharged by a needle on a lever attached to the base of the forged iron holder. "The detonation is very loud. As soon as the lanyard is pulled flame is visible at the mouth of the gun, followed immediately by a wreath of smoke. A shrill whistling sound immediately follows the firing of the cannon and is heard for 14 seconds. At a distance this whistling is much louder than near the gun. I am told that it travels at a speed of 330 meters per second, 4,200 meters in 14 seconds, which is nearly two and a half miles. During the firing a few drops of rain fell.

"I interviewed from 20 to 30 large wine growers who used the cannon last summer. They were all emphatic in their belief in the efficacy of fighting hail with gunpowder. They said that if the weather were hot and they saw the clouds forming they prepared for a charge. If the clouds were moving rapidly, their direction was changed or the movement was stopped by the firing. They were torn asunder and broken into shreds, and a copious fall of rain soon followed.

"In localities where great losses from hail have been incurred every summer, the cannon were used last summer, and no hail fell. Two or three miles distant, where no cannon were fired, the hail was very destructive. One cannon protects nearly 75 acres of land."

Travels Thousands of Miles. The many thousands of miles which a man unconsciously travels in his lifetime, taking into consideration the paces his footsteps measure as he walks about each day, are enough to make him sit down to rest for the remainder of his life.

But now a German scientist has come forward with some still more startling facts concerning the journeys which our eyelids undertake every time "it winks, and it is not possible for us to see, he says, unless we wink. Unconsciously we wink once a second, so that for the time we are awake during the day we voluntarily wink from 48,000 to 50,000 times and in a year have moved our upper eyelids down and up again no less than 18,250,000 times. The distance that the eyelid travels in its great speed is measured from a single involuntary wink.

This, the scientist says, is a quarter of an inch both ways, the eyelid moving equally up and down, so that, taking the movement of both eyelids into consideration, they cover some 50,000 inches in a day. The eyelids of a man who has lived for 50 years will have unconsciously traveled a third of the way around the earth, or about 7,200 miles, a calculation sufficient in itself to cause the victim of insomnia to fall into a dreamless sleep as he reads it.—London Mail.

Our Fruit in Germany.

There has been some little trouble in the importation of American fruits into Germany, but it is now stated that if the American crop of prunes, apricots, peaches and pears as well as apples and raspberries, is sufficiently plentiful during the coming season to allow of large exportation there is no reason why Germany should not be one of the largest patrons of United States fruit.

Fate of the Roller Boat.

The French roller boat built by M. Bazin has been broken up at Preston, England, after being exhibited for some time as a curiosity. Her construction was most intricate and the amount of metal used enormous.

Advertised Letters, Norway. Mrs. D. Enfore, Lloyd Herman. D. C. Laur, Gideon A. Mabbitt. Webster Maxim, Walter Newcomb. P. Hunt.

## ANDOVER.

School closed at South Andover, Feb. 21st.

O. B. & E. S. Poor have men in the woods, cutting wood for home consumption.

Clarence Acres was home for a few days, last week. He is scaling for a lumber firm at Bemis.

There has been much sickness at Rumford Point and at North Rumford. Several deaths are reported.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cushman go to Norway for a few days. Mr. Cushman is drawn on the traverse jury.

Lucinda Manton has been obliged to give up her term of high school for this winter, on account of her eyes.

The Methodist sewing bee was to meet with Mrs. Carleton Hutchins on Wednesday, Feb. 14th, but for the storm and blow.

Harry Poor has filled his contract of sawing poplar and has taken his crew to his home, where he will cut wood for the market.

The freight teams have made their trips, but the logging teams which usually pass here, en route to the sawmill, have been stalled in.

We learn that Mrs. Caroline Blanchard, Mrs. Adelaide Elliott and Luana Abbott started for California, Feb. 12th. They were to join a party in Boston, which was to start, Feb. 14.

Feb. 14, St. Valentine's Day, instead of a flaming valentine, we were greeted with a blow—a wind which we judge blew at the rate of 50 miles per hour, the thermometer at zero at 3 a. m., and the twelfth day of high wind.

Albert Thomas and family are at the Frank Thomas residence since the fire. Mr. Thomas is not decided as to his plans, whether or not he will rebuild. His friends showed their sympathy by presenting him with a purse of money. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas had spent their whole married life in the Andover House, a period of 28 years. The traveling public are wondering what they will do, as Mr. Thomas' hotel was the only regular hotel in this place. Owen Lovejoy and Mr. Tucker are boarding at Mrs. Henry Porter's. M. C. Bacon takes his meals at Miss H. E. Hall's.

## HARTFORD.

Mrs. M. C. Osgood is sick with the grip. Fred Bartlett is not improving very fast.

Orlando Irish has a heifer very sick with pneumonia.

Roy Berry is at his home, sick with a cold. He has been working, all winter, at Rumford Falls.

Augustus Bonney is hauling a large lot of fine elm lumber from the farm of D. A. Fletcher to the sawmill at East Stanbury.

Mrs. Gertrude Benson returned home from Buckfield, Saturday. She has been working for the family of Wilson Shaw for a long time.

Mrs. E. C. Irish is able to be out after having been confined to the house for several weeks. E. C. Irish and Master Whitley have had bad colds, but are some better.

Roads are still in a bad condition. Near Wm. Hayford's the snow was swept away from the traveled portion of the road, leaving it a narrow track two or three feet high. Mr. Hayford was obliged to plow and harrow the road for quite a distance to render it safe to drive over. No one seems to remember a February that will quite equal the present one for snow, winds and bad traveling.

"Grip made me very weak and nervous with tightness of chest and headache. Mr. Miles' Pain Pills and Nerveine gave me quick relief."—Mrs. Clarinda Butler, W. Wheeling, O.

## WEST STONEHAM.

Ina Gammon is visiting friends in Lovell.

Mrs. Wesley Adams of North Stoneham is on the sick list.

John Wilson of North Lovell is doing chores for Wm. Gammon.

Alonzo Adams' barn which was unoccupied and somewhat out of repair was blown down, Feb. 7th.

Wm. Adams was called to Newry, last week, by the illness of his son, Herbert, who was injured while working in the woods.

The steam mill at North Stoneham is to be started up, this week. A large quantity of birch and hard wood has been landed in the mill yard and lots more ready to be hauled from the woods. Eight horse teams are hauling most of the time.

"When I was prostrated with grip and my heart and nerves were in bad shape, Dr. Miles' Nerveine and Heart Cure gave me new life and health."—Mrs. Geo. Colie, Elgin, Ills.

## SNOW'S FALLS.

Mabel L. Starns has closed her school in the Tuell district.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Parlin of Paris were at Geo. W. Hammond's, Sunday.

The school at the Hollow under the instruction of Retta C. Berry of West Paris closes, this week.

Henry Suckles has returned from the woods, where he has been at work for the Paris Manufacturing Co., this winter.

## BIRTHS.

In Nazareth, Pa., Jan. 10, to the wife of Charles E. Divinal, formerly of South Paris, a daughter—Beatrice Mand.

In Stoneham, Feb. 5, to the wife of Fernando McAllister, a son.

In Stoneham, Feb. 8, to the wife of John Barker, a son.

In Denmark, Feb. 16, to the wife of Isaac H. Berry, a son.

In Rumford Center, Feb. 15, to the wife of Alton L. Duffell, a son.

In North Waterford, Feb. 16, to the wife of B. W. Rice, a son—Ralph Emerson.

## MARRIAGES.

In Dixfield, Feb. 9, by Rev. Manley B. Townsend, Charles H. Eustis of Strong and Ebel Mitchell of Dixfield.

## DEATHS.

In Norway, Feb. 21, Pollie P. Upton, widow of the late James G. Bennett, aged 58 years, 8 months, 8 days.

## Dry and Fancy Goods

THE BOSTON STORE, Maxim Block, South Paris, Me.

## Canned Goods

of all kinds can be had of

E. F. BICKNELL,

Next door to Opera House.

Don't forget the place. But what I want most to call your attention to is

CANNED PEAS

Four grades at 5, 10, 13 and 15c.

## Now is the Time

to buy WINTER

## Robes and Blankets

CHEAP at the

C. S. TUCKER

Harness and Trunk Store.

JAMES N. FAVOR,

PROPRIETOR,

91 Main Street. NORWAY, ME.

Four grades at 5, 10, 13 and 15c.

## Cotton Underwear Sale

CONTINUES

And is the most successful we have ever held.

A large number have taken advantage of this sale. Have you? Don't let the opportunity slip.

GOWNS—at 50c, 69c, 75c, 98c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

CORSET COVERS—that cannot be beaten at 15c, 25c, 42c, 50c and 75c.

UNDERSKIRTS—that are interesting the close buyer, 59c, 42c, 50c and 75c.

LONG SKIRTS—50c, 89c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1.75.

DRAWERS—25c, 29c, 42c, 45c and 50c.

THOMAS SMILEY,

NORWAY, MAINE.

WM. C. LEAVITT

Has a few

Delphos

Oil Cans

LEFT

These cans are made of the best quality galvanized steel. The pump is detachable and repairable. You can pump till you are gray and bald headed but you cannot run the lamp over. Any one with half an eye would not take any other can free if they could buy a Delphos. The price is \$1.50, 5 gallon; \$1.25, 3 gallon.

WM. C. LEAVITT, WM. C. LEAVITT,

NORWAY, MAINE.

WM. C. LEAVITT, WM. C. LEAVITT,

NORWAY, MAINE.

## RUBBER PRICES ARE SMASHED

The trust has broken the price on all kinds of Rubber Footwear. They caught us with a large stock on hand. It is very bad for us but good for you. We have reduced the price of every pair of rubbers in the store. We will mention only a few of the lines, but remember all the lines are cut in the same proportion.

Men's Rubber Boots, former price, \$3.50 now \$3.00

" " " " " 3.25 " 2.75

" " " " " 1.65 " 1.40

" " " " " 1.50 " 1.25

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" " " " " 1.50 " 1.25

" " " " " 1.35 " 1.00

Women's Storm Slippers, " " 60 " 50

Men's " " 85 " 75

And so on through the whole rubber stock, everything is cut, and remember we have without doubt more rubbers in our store than any 2 stores in the County. Our goods are all new and the best quality. Our clearance sale also continues. Our store is full of genuine bargains. You positively cannot afford to buy elsewhere. Come and see for yourselves. Yours truly,

SMILEY SHOE STORE, Norway, Me.

E. N. SWETT, Manager. F. W. FAUNCE, Salesman.

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO. F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.

CURE THAT COUGH AT ONCE

PINE TREE COUGH SYRUP

Is the Remedy that will do it. Price, 25 cents. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prepared and sold only by

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO., THE SOUTH PARIS, DRUGGISTS.

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO. F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.



Single Copies of the Advertiser Can be found each week on sale at the following places, at 4 cents each: Norway, F. P. Stone's and Noyes Drug Store; Bo. Paris, A. I. Sturtevant's and A. F. Shurtlett's; Bath, F. P. Stone's and Noyes Drug Store; Eyruburg, F. P. Stone's and Noyes Drug Store; West Paris, F. P. Stone's and Noyes Drug Store. Orders for single copies at 4 cents each sent direct to the office of publication will be promptly filled. ADVERTISER, NORWAY, ME.

#### NORWAY AND VICINITY

Mrs. Salmon McKee of Lovell has come to live with her daughter, Mrs. George L. Franklin.

#### Put Bass in Lake.

In August, 1874, black bass were first put in Penesseewassee Lake. Money to defray the expenses was got by subscription. The bass came from Duck Pond, this side of Portland, and were got by C. M. Smith, Dan. H. Harmon, Jesse Howe and M. M. Fuller with the assistance of Fish Commissioner, Henry Stanley of Dixfield.

Twenty-nine bass all told were got, only two of them were sizeable, weighing perhaps a quarter and a half pound each, the balance were little things, under three inches in length.

This was twenty-six years ago last August.

#### Letter to E. F. Bicknell.

Norway, Me.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps you "won't have anything to do with *Mixed Paints*." We don't blame you; but Devoe lead and zinc is not a *Mixed Paint*; there is twice as much paint in a gallon of it as there is in a gallon of some of the *Mixed Paints*. N. Avery, Delhi, N. Y., owns 2 houses exactly alike—painted one with *Mixed Paint*—took 12 gallons. Painted the other with Devoe; bought 12 gallons—had six gallons left.

It has taken a great many years to find out the best; and it takes a lot of machinery to grind it properly.

More than 2,000 years men painted with lead, and more than 200 with linseed oil. About 50 years ago, they began to use zinc.

All painters know lead and oil; most painters know lead and oil with zinc mixed in—it improves their paint; wears longer; does not chalk or powder off so soon. One-third more zinc than lead is used in this country.

But painters don't know how much zinc to put in; and zinc is hard to mix—needs grinding in—and they can't grind it in.

Still, nobody uses lead without zinc, who knows his business.

Yours truly,

F. W. DEVOE & CO.

#### EAST OXFORD.

Alice Needham has been visiting friends in Harrison.

Will H. Moseley has been the guest of friends in Portland.

Mrs. A. K. Thomas and daughter, Helen, are visiting her brother, Dr. N. Marshall, at Portland.

#### Personals.

Mrs. E. F. Green has recovered from an attack of the grip at Canasaga, N. Y., by the use of Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

Among the victims of the grip epidemic now so prevalent, F. Coyle is now recovering at Canton, O., by the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pills.

W. E. Nihells of St. Louis, Mo., who was down with grip, is reported much improved. He used Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pills.

The friends of Mrs. L. Denison will be pleased to learn of her recovery from the grip at her home in Bay City, Mich., through the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pills.

Everybody says that J. W. Udy is looking splendid since his recovery from the grip at his home in Des Moines, Iowa. They all know that Dr. Miles' Nervine was what cured him.

Prosecuting Attorney, Charles L. DeWaele, who has passed the three-score mile stone, had a time with the grip; but when seen at his home in Roscomon, Mich., the other day, he said Dr. Miles' Nervine was what cured him.

At nearly three score and ten Mrs. Helen Humphrey was fighting against odds when the grip attacked her; but she took Dr. Miles' Nervine, and now her neighbors in Wareham, Mass., remark on how well she is looking.

After an illness of five weeks from the grip, Mrs. Harriet Jackson is again about and looking fine. She began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine after the fourth week. Her home is in Bowling Green, Mo.

#### Explaining Things.

"What is this here diplomacy?" asked the grocery loafer.

"It is like this here," said the grocer.

"For instance, if I wanted to call you a liar, I'd just do so right out, but if I wanted to be diplomatic, I'd go at it sorter roundabout on a jist say to the surroundin air that while I wasn't namn no names, I reely did believe that a certain red nosed, squint eyed cuss that had at least ten pound of my best cheese without ever payin a cent was he or ter be. See?"—Indianapolis Press.

#### La Grippe Quickly Cured.

"In the winter of 1898 and 1899 I was taken down with a severe attack of what is called La Grippe," says F. L. Hewett, a prominent druggist of Winfield, Ill. "The only medicine I used was two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It broke up the cold and stopped the coughing like magic, and I have never since been troubled with Grippe." Chamberlain's Cough Remedy can always be depended upon to break up a severe cold and ward off any threatened attack of pneumonia. It is pleasant to take, too, which makes it the most desirable and one of the most popular preparations in use for these ailments. For sale by Noyes' Drug Store, Norway; F. A. Shurtlett & Co., South Paris.

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At the Table.

Lady—What is your favorite dish Mr. Pigge?

Mr. Pigge—The biggest one, ma'am.

Detroit Free Press.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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#### GOLD IN ABUNDANCE.

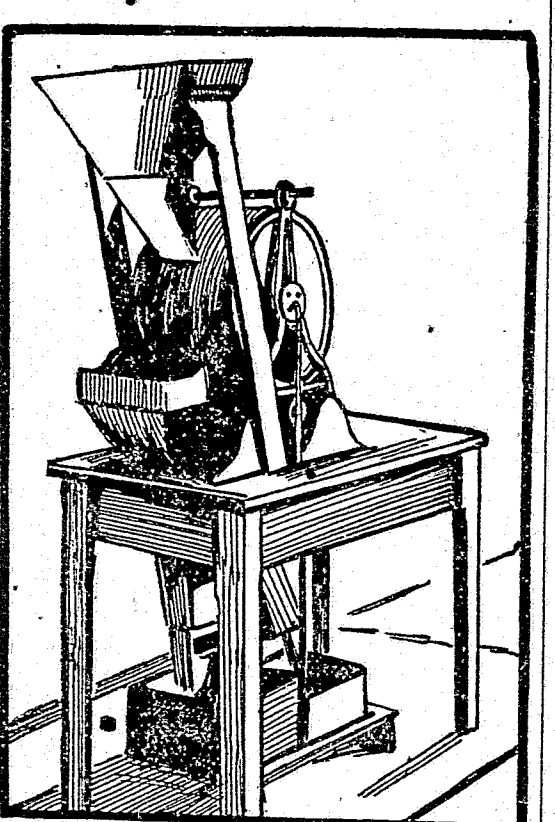
AN INVENTION THAT PROMISES TO DOUBLE THE OUTPUT.

Difficult Problem of Separating Magnetite From Gold Solved—Simple, of Small Size and Inexpensive—May Be Operated by Hand or Motor.

A machine that bids fair to double the gold output of the world, revolutionizing methods of separating gold from crushed quartz, and particularly from river, beach and placer sands, has recently been constructed in Washington, and such confidence is entertained in its practical value that hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been invested in it, says the New York Herald.

For instance, in one single mine, where the output has hitherto not quite paid expenses, the profits will be several million dollars annually. Mine owners out in that part of the country are wild about it, and a belief is entertained that it will convert at least 500 nonpaying western properties of the kind into richly profitable deposits.

The invention has been newly patented by Professor Elmer Gates, and its whole secret lies in removing from the gold bearing sand the magnetic iron, known as "magnetite," which such stuff always contains, as a preliminary to separating the gold. Un-



HYDROMAGNETIC SEPARATOR.

der ordinary circumstances the sand, poured, with water, through a long trough called a "sluice box," is separated by gravity from the gold, the latter sinking to the bottom of the trough by reason of its greater weight and then being caught in crosswise slots, from which it is afterward removed. The chief difficulty in the process is due to the magnetite, which, being nearly as heavy as the gold, collects in the slots, or riffles, and chokes them up.

If the magnetite were absent, a much larger percentage of the gold contained in the sand could be got out of it; hence for many years the problem of getting rid of this objectionable substance has exercised the minds of inventors. Various machines have been devised for the purpose, but none of them has taken out all the magnetite, and not one of them has been able to handle dry sand. It costs too much money to dry sand, and this has been the financial difficulty. The obstacle is overcome, however, by the new machine, which not only removes every particle of the magnetite from the sand; but works wet sand under water. It handles moist or soaking wet sand as easily as dry.

Perhaps the most striking points about the machine at first glance are its extreme simplicity and its small size relatively to the work it accomplishes. It may be stood conveniently on a small table and easily operated by hand with a crank. Ordinarily, however, an electric motor furnishes the trifling power required. The apparatus consists of a copper drum about as big as a good sized toy drum, inside of which is a powerful electromagnet. The core of the magnet consists of a bunch of iron plates with fluted edges on the pole face of one end, likewise within the drum, but which, approach their fluted edges close to the inside of the copper periphery of the latter.

What is seen from the outside is simply the drum which conceals the magnet and drummed poles face plates and a sort of hopper above into which the sand is poured. Small as the machine is, it is capable of handling in this way 110 tons of sand in a day, sifting out every particle of magnetite from that quantity of raw material.

As the sand is poured into the hopper it falls through it and against the side of the revolving drum. The drum, thanks to the magnet inside of it, draws every particle of the magnet from out of the sand and holds it tightly against the outside of the revolving copper drum, while the sand—that is to say, the siliceous particles and dirt—drops straight down into a receptacle beneath the table. The particles of iron while magnetically held against the drum are moved downward by it over the wavy lines of force of fluted magnet face and vigorously shaken to and fro so as to detach all foreign matter. It picks the attracted sand into thousands of pieces and shakes out the nonmagnetic sand. This is one of the prime features of the machine.

It will be understood that the siliceous sand is not attracted by the magnet, and on that account falls vertically, whereas the particles of iron, which look like iron filings, stick fast to the drum in rapidly oscillating bunches until they drop off by their own weight into another receptacle. As a result, all the iron (magnetite) is in one box and the sand and other nonmagnetic stuff, among which is the gold, in another box.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. (See)

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS.

Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. For sale by F. P. STONE.

#### Stomach Worm in Sheep.

One tablespoonful of gasoline and four ounces of sweet milk shaken together is a good dose for stomach worm in sheep weighing anywhere from 60 to 100 pounds. The quantity of milk may be reduced or increased slightly without detrimental results. Each sheep or lamb should be set on its hump and so held that he will not struggle, while the dose is given as a drench, and his head should not be thrown farther back than the natural position while standing. Treatment should never be given on a full stomach, but only after 12 to 18 hours' fasting, and neither water nor food should be given inside of two hours after giving the medicine. This treatment is recommended by the Ohio station.

#### What Others Say.

The market for perishable goods in a great city is as uneasy and tricky as the ocean. Supply, demand and weather are the forces that keep it in motion, according to Rural New Yorker.

An exchange remarks that a man who carries a swill pail in one hand and a club in the other with which he whacks the hogs on their noses to make them keep out of the trough is the next thing to hog choicera for damaging the drove.

Rural Life thinks it is much easier to love your neighbor when he keeps his stock at home.

Four agents have been appointed by the New York commissioner of agriculture to carry on the work of inspecting bees for disease.

#### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KIRKMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### The First Elevator.

Elevators, or lifts as they are called in England, are now considered indispensable in high buildings, but on the European continent they are but seldom found, even in the better hotels. This is the more surprising since the invention originated in central Europe. The earliest mention of the elevator is made in a letter of Napoleon I addressed to his wife, the Archduchess Maria Louise. He writes to her that when in Schönbrunn, then the summer residence of the Austrian emperor, near Vienna, he used the "chaise volante" (flying chair) in that castle, which had been constructed for Empress Maria Theresa, to save her the annoyance of climbing up the long flights of stairs. It consisted of a small square room, sumptuously furnished with hangings of red silk and suspended by strong ropes, with counterweights, so that it could be pulled or let down with great ease in a shaft built for the purpose about 1769. The great Corsican mentions that when he first entered the "flying chair" and that of his two companions, probably in order to employ the proper counterweights, to stop at the right point unless weights were about even.

A similar elevator was built in the castle of Duke Charles of Lorraine about the same time, but this one was simpler, consisting only of a chair on a platform.

#### Two Books.

The largest and the smallest books in the world have stood almost side by side for years in an unfrequented part of the British museum.

The larger volume measures 5 feet 10 inches in height and 3 feet 2 inches in width. It is bound in leather and held together by great bronze clasps and has a binding eight different skins have been used, four being required to make each cover. This huge book was presented to the British nation by King George IV in 1833. During the last half of a century it has attracted little attention, and its ponderous covers have not been opened in many years. The book has gilt edged leaves.

The smallest book in the world is only about the size of a man's thumb. It contains 100 pages or so beautifully engraved and printed in colors. Its size is three-quarters of an inch by half an inch. It is called Schöller's English Bijon Almanack and bears the date of 1839.

"My stomach was affected by grip and I could eat nothing but crackers and milk. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and Pain Pills and the trouble disappeared."—Mrs. J. Lindsey, Montrose, Minn.

#### Taking His Measure.

"What kind of a man is this John Smith?"

"Oh, he's the kind that thinks he can hold on to his umbrella by having his name engraved on the handle."—New York Evening World.

#### Rare as Well as Beautiful.

Sillicious—It is a beautiful thing to see a young girl growing into womanhood. Cynics—That's right. So many of them seem to want to grow into manhood.—Philadelphia Record.

"I had been in bed three weeks with grip when my husband brought me Dr. Miles' Nervine, Pain Pills and Nerve and Liver Pills. I was cured."—Mrs. J. Reinier, Franklin, Ind.

Not Adepts in Dressmaking. "What's the matter with the doll? It's got its clothes upside down and wrong side to the front."

"That's one of them dolls that the Vassar girls made and gave away to the poor and unfortunate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

of

#### Sacredness of Work.

All true work is sacred. In all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, all events in the weak human memory they survive so long as saints, as heroes, as gods, they alone surviving, peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of time.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother. See thy fellow workmen there, in God's eternity, surviving there, they alone surviving, sacred band of immortals, celestial bodyguard of the empire of mankind.

To thee heaven, though severe, is not unkind. Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it." Thou, too, shalt return home in honor to thy far distant home in honor. Doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield. Then in the eternities and deepest death kingdoms art not an alien, thou everywhere art a denizen. Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.—Thomas Carlyle.

#### E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day. For sale by F. P. STONE.

#### BRYANT'S POND.

Alonso Felt is gaining, but slowly. Frank York has gone to West Paris to work in the rim factory.

Mrs. Fred Chandler, Mrs. Arthur Rickard and Nell Preble went to Bethel to attend an entertainment, given by Gould's Academy students.

Mrs. Almon Farrar of Peru came to the Pond to attend Pomona Grange. She was snow bound at D. D. Peveley's, a good place, till Saturday morning, when she went to Auburn to stay over Sunday.

#### TO CURE THE GRIP.

Advice of a Famous Physician.

First and foremost, REST.

Take care of yourself. Your already weakened nerves want rest, and must have it. If the attack is severe, go to bed and remain there. More fatalities result from neglect of this precaution than from any other cause.

Eat sparingly. Your digestive organs are in no condition to take care of large quantities of food.

Drink plenty of pure, cold water. It allays the fever, stimulates the kidneys to action and opens up the pores of the skin. Keep the bowels open with Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

Take three doses of Dr. Miles' Nervine per day, and if you cannot sleep take an extra dose at bed time. To further control the fever, and to overcome the peculiar aches and pains of grip, use Dr. Miles' Pain Pills. They act quickly and effectively, and no bad effects result from their use. These remedies have been thoroughly tested more than a million times, and their efficiency is thoroughly established. They never fail to give relief.

Dr. Miles' Remedies can be found at any drug store, and they are sold on a positive guarantee that first bottle or package benefits or money refunded.

#### B. A. LIBBY.

Expert Tuner and Repairer of Piano and Organ. I do work for the city schools, West-brook schools, Riverton Park, St. Joseph's Academy, churches, societies, and many of the best known people in the county, which is a guarantee in itself. Leave order or address postal in care of F. H. BECK.

Will be here regularly.

#### BEST COOKING EXTRACTS.

We have flavoring extracts of lemon and vanilla, prepared by experienced chemists, from the fruit and bean. They are the only extracts that passed in an entirely satisfactory manner all the severe tests made under the pure food laws of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. This proved them to be the purest and best flavoring extracts in the United States. Try one bottle, and you will always use them. Price 12 cents for a large bottle—no more than you usually pay for cheap, impure, probably poisonous stuff.

#### J. K. CHASE.

Willey Store, Norway.

#### Don't Do It.

Don't throw away your old Chairs, Lounges and other Furniture away when they can be repaired and made as good as new. Remember I can do it. Also Mattresses made over and made to order. I still make those pretty Rattan Rockers. Call and be convinced, at

#### OTTO SCHNUER,

Main Street, Norway.

## PAGE'S PERFECTED POULTRY FOOD



pays Poultrymen 200% profit if the hens are properly housed and cared for. It makes chickens grow and prevents diseases.

You run no risk in ordering Page's Food. It is a genuine egg producer. Used regularly by successful poultrymen everywhere.

Special inducements offered to agents in every town and village. Write for our booklet of prices and testimonials.

#### REMEMBER:

Every Pound is Guaranteed.

It Costs but Little.

The Freight is Prepaid.

CARROLL S. PAGE,

Hyde Park, Vermont.

Put your name on a postal card and mail it to-day.

## THEY CURE LA CRIPPE and all COLDS

Look over our list of Remedies:

#### Tablet and Pellet Form.

Hill's Cascara Bromide Quinine LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE HUMPHREY'S No. 77 HILTON'S No. 3 MUNYON'S COLD CURE SOVEREIGN COLD CURE SOVEREIGN GRIPPE CURE KOLDNOC, &c., &c.

#### Liquid Form.

KING'S DISCOVERY CHAMBERLAIN'S LUNG BALM ANODYNE PINE EXPECTORANT SOCKALEXIS COUGH CURE ADAMSON'S COUGH BALM RODERICK'S COUGH BALM BALM OF WINTERGREEN and Noyes' Celebrated Cough Syrup.

Besides many other remedies of like nature.

## THE NOYES DRUG STORE,

NORWAY.

## NEW GOODS

DRESS GOODS in all the new shades and colors of plain and fancies.

TRIMMINGS—All-overs in embroidered satins, chiffons and silks; spangled-net, laces, fancy tuckings, etc.

EDCINGS too many and various for us to describe.

Wash silks—beauties—entirely new. Fanov silks for trimmings, waists, etc. Spring gingham, percales and prints.

All must be seen to be appreciated.

## S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE,

Main Street, NORWAY.

## LEADS THEM ALL

PARLIN'S STAR CREAM prevents the hands from chapping—makes the skin soft. People recommend it to their friends; the sale has increased this way. Try a large bottle—25 cents. Prepared only by

ERNEST P. PARLIN, The Prescription Druggist, NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Remember we have in stock Palmer's Lotion, Leighton's Royal Cream, Hind's Honey and Almond Cream, Holmes' Frostilla, Diamond Lotion, No. 1 and No. 2, etc., etc.

Now is the time for you to be thinking about

## Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

Our store is a good place to think in, and perhaps we can help you. Any way, you can look over our stock and see what we have. You will find lots of pretty and useful goods. Everything usually found in a first-class jewelry store. Come and see us.

## COLE'S JEWELRY STORE, NOYES BLOCK,

Next Postoffice.

## The Highest Grade PIANOS

VERY LOW FOR CASH at

## McARDLE'S,

SOUTH PARIS.

Also the finest ORGANS, 7-13 octave, with PIANO CASES. No better made. Rock-bottom prices for cash. Pay cash and save big money.

LEGISLATIVE NOTICE. The Committee on Salaries will give a public hearing in its room at the State House in Augusta, on Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1901, at 11 a. m., on the petition of the salaries of the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court.

A. F. GILMORE, Secretary.

#### CANCER AND TUMOR SPECIALIST.

All diseases which are afflicted with these dreaded

afflictions, such as Cancer, and receive prompt and

careful treatment. Mrs. Chase, 110 India St.

Portland, Me.

TO LET Six-room tenement on Paris street, near Pike, Norway.



### Grip Is a Very Demon!

Its attacks are serious; it makes you feverish, weak, depressed; but you defeat its attacks take

## Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Don't wait until the evil is done and past repair. 25¢, 50¢, and \$1.00 per bottle; the largest size cheapest. At all druggists. Take none but Hale's.

### Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

### GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

In Effect January 1, 1901.  
**NORWAY, ME.**  
DEPARTURES:  
For Lewiston, Portland and Boston, 5:50 a. m.; 9:20 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.  
For Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 9:45 a. m.; 7:45 p. m.  
For Island Pond and way stations, 3:30 p. m.

ARRIVALS:  
From Boston, Portland and Lewiston, 9:58 a. m.; 3:45 p. m.; 5:05 p. m.  
From Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 6:08 a. m.; 4:25 p. m.  
From Island Pond and way stations, 9:35 a. m.

### Sunday Trains.

DEPARTURES:  
For Lewiston and Portland, 5:50 a. m.  
For Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 7:45 p. m.  
For Berlin, 5:15 a. m.

ARRIVALS:  
From Boston, Portland and Lewiston, 9:20 a. m.; 8:05 p. m.  
From Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 6:08 a. m.

For tickets and full particulars apply to M. W. CHANDLER, Agent G. T. Ry., Norway.

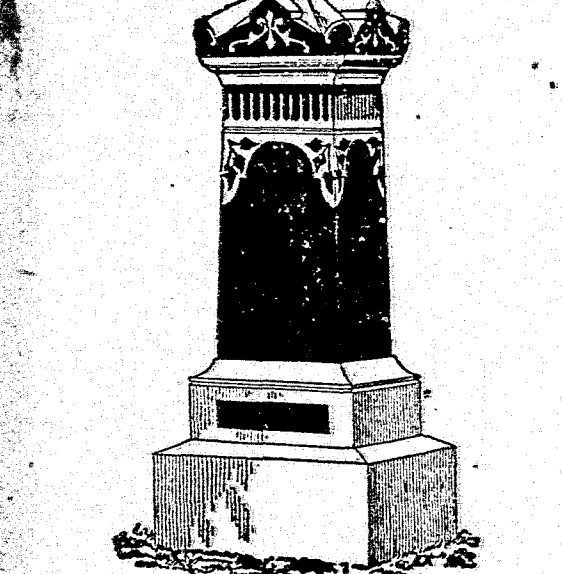


The staunch and elegant steamers, "Bay State" and "Tremont," alternately leave Portland, Maine, for Boston, at 7:00 a. m., daily, Sundays excepted. These steamers meet every demand of modern steamship service in safety, speed, comfort and luxury of traveling.  
Through tickets for Providence, Lowell, Worcester, New York, etc.  
J. E. LISCOMB, Gen. Manager.  
THOMAS M. BARTON, Agent.

**LEGISLATIVE NOTICE.**  
The Committee on Judiciary will give a public hearing in its room at the State House in Augusta, Maine, Feb. 28, 1901, at 2 o'clock p. m., No. 151. On an act to amend and extend the charter of the Bankfield Lumber Company.  
H. T. POWERS, Secretary.

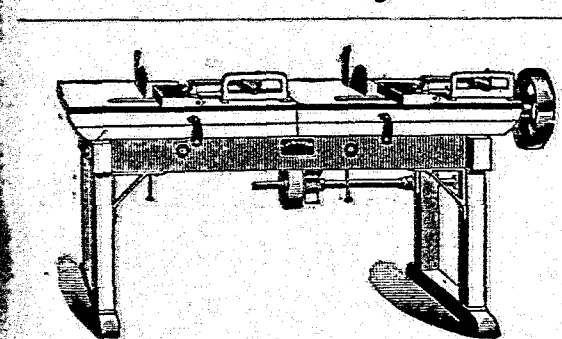
### E. E. Whitney & Co.,

BETHEL, MAINE,  
GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKERS



**First-Class Workmanship.**  
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work. Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

### E. E. Whitney & Co.



**T. H. RICKER & SONS,**  
Manufacturers of the Celebrated Ricker Bolt (2000 sold), also Circular Saw Mills, Log Haul for Saw Mills, planing Machines, Matching Machines, Spring Cut-Off Saws, Double Sided and Gang Cut-Off Machines for Making Boxes, also Shingles, Pulleys and all kinds of Saw Mill Machinery.  
HARRISON, MAINE. 1897

Statement Showing the Condition of the U. S. Branch of the  
**North British and Mercantile Ins. Co.**  
OF LONDON AND EDINBURG. G. B.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1900.  
Stocks and bonds.....\$3,686,729.00  
Cash in office and bank.....167,834.48  
Bills receivable.....1,000.00  
Interest accrued.....41,693.00  
Uncollected premiums.....345,738.65  
All other assets.....2,548.95

Admitted assets in the U. S.....\$4,243,451.99  
LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1900.  
Net unpaid losses.....\$317,402.45  
Unearned premiums.....2,015,963.57  
Surplus over all liabilities.....1,910,115.97

Total liabilities and surplus.....\$4,243,451.99  
W. J. WHEELER & CO., Agents,  
6-8 South Paris, Me.

### National Fire Insurance Company,

HARTFORD, CT.  
ASSETS DEC. 31, 1900.  
Real estate.....\$3,724.94  
Mortgage loans.....708,815.00  
Stocks and bonds.....\$375,981.00  
Cash in office and bank.....267,140.00  
Agents' balances.....215,571.25  
Uncollected premiums.....255,000.00

Gross and admitted assets.....\$4,992,692.85  
LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1900.  
Net unpaid losses.....\$247,489.57  
Unearned premiums.....2,045,419.75  
All other liabilities.....165,903.54

Total.....\$5,458,812.87  
Cash capital.....1,000,000.00  
Surplus over all liabilities.....1,533,279.71  
Total liabilities and surplus.....\$4,992,692.85  
W. J. WHEELER & CO., Agents,  
6-8 South Paris, Me.

### HIGHER PRICES FOR BEEF.

Will the Future Supply Keep Up With the Demand?

Butchers all over the country are advancing the prices of beef, and consequently there is complaint on the part of customers. Some thoughtless restaurant proprietors sought to excuse their advance of the price of steaks by printing on the bill of fare that it was due to the "squeeze" by the "beef trust," says the Breeder's Gazette. The daily papers caught up the cry, but investigation soon led them to see that it is the farmer rather than the packer who is "putting on the screws." The prices of cattle on the hoof made plain the situation. As a matter of fact, the advance on cut meats was slow in coming. Cattle sold higher in February than in July, when the advance was made on the block, but the reluctance of butchers to increase their price is explained in the trade papers as due to the keen competition between cutters of meats in large cities and the difficulty in agreeing on a raise.

The comparative figures on beef steers make interesting reading. The average price on the Chicago market during July of last year was \$4.95. During the month just past the average price was \$5.55. This is a gain of 60 cents per 100 pounds over the values of last year. But when we consider the fact that the average price for July during the past 20 years was \$4.80 we can appreciate the material advance registered in an average of \$5.35 for the 50 days just past, a gain of 75 cents per 100 pounds over the average for a score of years. Little wonder it is that butchers feel obliged to mark up the value on some of their cuts. Journals of the meat trade are vigorously urging an advance all along the line, maintaining that prices to the consumer have been held down to a basis that left little margin for profit and that self preservation demands that more money be taken into the till over the block. The position seems sound.

With the general increase of commercial activities and the advances in wages that have been recorded during the past 12 months, the people are fairly well prepared for an advance in prices of meats from the hard times basis.

It is interesting to note that while some attention has been given to the prophecy of a statistician in the grain trade that in 30 years the world will not be able to raise enough wheat to feed its inhabitants, it has seemingly been taken for granted that the supply of beef would keep pace with the increasing demands. That this has not been the case is thoroughly known to those who keep in touch with the industry. Nothing is more execrable than the unrestricted operation of the law of supply and demand, and growers and eaters of beef are now beginning to feel the force of it.

### Cattle For Feeding.

Mr. McLain Smith believes that "the injury to the cattle interest in Ohio and adjoining states through the general use of Jersey bulls some 20 years ago, and since, is almost incalculable." He adds, "It is almost impossible now to buy a bunch of good feeding steers grown in Ohio." I do not doubt that the Jerseys and Guernseys are without rivals in limited sections of our state, but the general introduction of Jersey blood into the three-fourth of our state that is not devoted to dairying to any considerable degree has worked injury to Ohio farming. As Mr. Smith says, there are few home grown steers for feeding. The small feeder is the one most hurt. Formerly he could pick up a few calves right at home, and the coarse feed and some grain of the farm were converted into beef. Now they are sold off the farm because he cannot get a half dozen or more good feeders without going to a city market for them. While I haven't a stock farm, I formerly bought a dozen or more steers for winter stall feeding in order that the extra feeding stuff might be fed on the farm, but quit the business because one could not get a dozen good feeders together without paying a price for culling out what was wanted that knocked out all the profit. There are many farms that should have a few calves for grazing and a few steers for stall feeding, so that all fodder, roots and cheap grain could be utilized and the supply of manure increased, but the Jersey has made this impossible.

### Aluminum Horseshoes.

Russian military authorities have for some time past made an effort to employ aluminum in place of iron, copper and steel for articles of equipment carried by infantry in order to reduce the weight as much as possible. With the same object the Russian minister of war has ordered aluminum horseshoes for the cavalry. The first trial is being made by the Finland dragoons, and the horses are shod as follows: A shoe of the new aluminum model is placed on one foot, the three remaining shoes being of the kind now in use. The trial so far has been satisfactory, for the aluminum wears out less rapidly and is less affected by mud and moisture than the ordinary shoe. The difference in weight is about 2½ ounces on each shoe. The cost is not greater than at present and will be less as soon as the system of manufacturing the new shoe has been perfected.

### Cotton and Sheep.

Texas cotton growers are using a good many sheep in connection with their work. Old cotton fields make excellent sheep pastures, and the combination of the two lines of work is a

good one. Of course, sheep under such circumstances are not grown in large numbers, but they can be made very good, and farmers soon see the value of paying attention to quality where they are limited as to quantity.—Drovers' Journal.

### Danger of Colds and La Grippe.

The greatest danger from colds and la grippe is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for these diseases we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous malady. It will cure a cold or an attack of la grippe in less time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Noyes' Drug Store, Norway; F. A. Shurtleiff & Co., South Paris. 68

### EAST HEBRON.

Friday evening the Grange had a concert and social.

Wm. Brown is very feeble since the cold weather came on.

Caleb Harris has had a very sick horse, one of his span of work horses.

T. L. Rogers remains very feeble, is still confined to his room and cannot walk but a very few steps.

The Conant family, just across the line in Buckfield, have all been sick with grip, but are some better.

"I had grip three months; could not sleep; pain all over, headache very bad," Dr. Miles' Nervine, Pain Pills and Liver Pills made me well."—Mrs. E. C. Bowlby, Waterloo, Ind.

The young men are sawing and hauling for the pulp mill in Livermore Falls. They cut spruce, fir and pine and send it from Hebron Station.

Your Nerves Will Kill You if you neglect them.—Cleveland's Celery Compound Tea is an immediate and permanent cure for Nervous Prostration, Constipation, Indigestion, and all the diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys. We will give you a trial package free. Large packages, 25 cents. Williamson & Kimball, Norway; E. P. Parlin, South Paris.

### He Was Posted.

"You know what a coincidence is, I suppose," queried the man with the newspaper to his fellow passenger.

"You bet I do," was the hearty reply. "Thirty years ago I was in Buffalo and dead broke, and a man lent me 50 cents. The other day I went back there to pay it, and 35 different men claimed to be the right one and run the interest on the loan up to \$3.50!"

### Stops the Cough and workoff the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents. (30) For sale by F. P. SARGENT.

### Luther's Lighter Side.

That Luther's life was not without its lighter side is attested by many of his letters, especially those addressed to his wife. A writer in Good Words points out such expressions with which he addresses her as "My Lord Catherine" or "My sweet wife, Catherine Luther von Bora," or "The very learned and deeply profound dame, Catherine Luther," or "Emperor Kate," jesting at the love of rule common to the sex.

In the year of his death he wrote to his "heart loved housewife, Catherine Lutherin Doctress Zeldendorfer, Low-martens and whatever more she may be. Grace and peace in Christ, and my old poor love in the first place." At one time he says: "Catherine, you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an empress, thank God for it." His conjugal meditations were often in a gayer mood, as, for example, "If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way."

### Curious Methods of the Steel Mills.

It has been shown that the quality of the finished steel does not depend alone on its chemical composition, but that the amount of work it receives in rolling or forging and the finishing temperature are also of vital importance. We are still learning year by year better to distinguish the effects due to each and are getting today results that were formerly considered impossible. I refer to the method in use at some American mills, where they roll the steel into plates, shapes, etc., meeting all the requirements of the most rigid specifications without making any preliminary tension tests.

An analysis of each heat or cast is made while the ingots are still in the soaking pits. From this analysis the ultimate strength is estimated, and without allowing the steel to cool it is rolled on orders where, as shown by the estimated strength, it will apply.—W. R. Webster in Engineering Magazine.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

"I believe our baby is intoxicated," remarked the proud papa.

"Why, what do you mean?" demanded the fond mamma.

"He seems to be full of high bawls," explained the proud papa, whose knowledge of acoustics was thus shown to be equal to his information as to intoxicants.—Baltimore American.

### CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "did you say you bought this necktie because you thought it suited me perfectly?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. I'm going to wear it and go out into the world with renewed hope and courage. You know, it's an old saying that handsome men are not, as a rule, the ones who really achieve things."—Washington Star.

### Alliance With Christ.

Christians should exemplify the practical influence of the truth and glory in the honorable alliance with Christ. They should let their light shine in the family, in their calling, in their association, in the church and in the world.—Rev. William Prand Silveus, Presbyterian, Pittsburg.

### Christianity's Credential.

A straight, true, noble woman is Christianity's credential, its mighty argument against hypocritical critics. Our pure, pious mothers, wives and daughters are Christianity's product, the world's blessing, the joy and crown of Christ.—Rev. Dr. T. M. Bateman, Methodist, Pittsburg.

### Reading the Bible.

The Bible must be read intelligently to be of service. It was not a magic stone that one might touch it and be cured of his failings. It should be studied earnestly and religiously, and for those who so invoked its aid the way would be clear and easy of access.—Rev. Allen P. Burns, Baptist, Chicago.

### Importance of Small Things.

Small things are the matter of eternal recompense. I know that the acts of human life seem too unimportant to merit either heaven or hell. Yet they are in their own nature either divine or satanic. We do even the light things either as sons of God or as slaves of the devil.—Rev. Alfred E. Myers, Marble Collegiate Church, New York.

### Origin and Destiny.

We have a grand origin, we have a grand destiny, and therefore we ought to have grand lives. Religion consists of bearing your origin in mind and so living that nothing may mar the accomplishment of your destiny. That is what Christ did and what we are called upon to do. Religion therefore is the highest, noblest and most inspiring thing in the universe.—Rev. George H. Hepworth, Congregationalist, New York.

### Official Integrity.

The public mind is more sensitive to official character than to personal character. Both in church and state many have suffered, not so much from incapacity as from lack of official conscience. The joy of the Christian, however, arises from the official integrity of Christ. There is not a flaw in his administration. He never overlooked a petition properly presented, nor despised the most humble petitioner. Wealth or rank, race or color, past or present standing among men, cannot influence him in his treatment of those that came unto God by him.—Rev. Nevill Woodside, Reformed Presbyterian, Pittsburg.

### IN THE WINTER.

(Benson's Plaster is Pain's Master.)

For coughs and colds Benson's Plaster is an infallible remedy. It soothes the inflamed membrane, relieves the irritation, and restores the system to its normal condition. Its medicinal properties enter the skin and go straight to the seat of the disease. They relieve and cure a "seated" cold without disturbing the system or upsetting the stomach. Cough mixtures often nauseate. Benson's Plaster is medicinal in the highest degree, and quickest to act.

Placed on the chest or back or on both at once in serious cases, the good effect is felt immediately. The congestion yields, the cough abates and the breathing improves. Lung or bronchial affections or kidney disease, are cured with the least possible suffering and loss of time.

Benson's Plaster is immeasurably superior to Belladonna, Strengthening, Capsicum or any other combination in plaster form. They are also preferable to ointments, liniments and salves.

Benson's Plaster has received fifty-five highest awards over all competitors, and more than 5,000 physicians and druggists have declared them to be one of the few trustworthy household remedies. For sale by all druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 35¢ each.

Be sure you get the genuine. Accept no imitation or substitute.

Saisbury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

If I had Grip I would use Dr. Miles' Pain Pills and Dr. Miles' Nervine.

Sold at All Druggists. 4-11

### Fruit, Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars

### Nevers' Variety Store.

Main Street, Norway, Me.

Also many useful articles for 5 and 10c. Crockery and Glass ware.

TIME MAKES IT PLAIN

that our goods possess sterling and lasting qualities.

### HARDWARE

etc., better and cheaper than the best, is sold at all times. Our efforts to give the greatest value are not spasmodic and short-lived, but constant and lasting.

### Our New Year's Resolutions

are lived up to. These prices might cause you to think quality is vanishing with the old year, but investigation will prove otherwise.

J. O. CROOKER, Norway, Me.

## FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the famous nurse, said: "When you see the universal craving of the sick for their cup of tea, you feel that nature knows what she is about. Nothing yet discovered is a substitute to the English patient for his cup of tea."

This sounds strangely to those who are only acquainted with tea as sold in the stores. But the "native" tea of China is very different. You do not know what tea can do for you till you have tasted "Original Package" tea. Chase & Sanborn import it.

### "ORIGINAL PACKAGE" TEAS.

ORLOFF (Formosa Oolong).  
KOH-MOON (Frag. Breakfast).  
ORANGE PEACH (India & Ceylon).

### A NEW LOT OF

## WHITE IRON BEDS

They are of styles and of good heavy and substantial construction that gives satisfaction after buying.

We have the new colored enameled beds in Apple Green and Brass, that will not crack or chip off.

Call and examine when in want of IRON BEDS.

A new lot of hanging HAT and CLOAK RACKS (with mirrors) for the hall. Also FOLDING CLOTHES RACKS.

## C. B. CUMMINGS & SONS,

NORWAY, MAINE.

## FREE OF CHARGE!

NO STRING ATTACHED!

The person guessing the nearest to the length and width COMBINED of the QUAKER RANGE SIGN on front of our building will receive free of charge a Prize Quaker Cabinet Base, Elevated Shelf and Reservoir Range, March 1, 1901.

Any adult is entitled to ONE vote.

Not obliged to purchase anything to be entitled to vote. If two or more persons guess the exact combined length and width, then the fortunate one to be selected by drawing.

Sign to be measured March 1, 1901. Tickets now ready.

50 cents down and 50 cents per week buys the QUAKER RANGE.

## HOBBS' VARIETY STORE,

73 Main Street, Norway, Maine.

### A. W. CROVER,

Undertaker, Embalmer, Funeral Director

Caskets of all styles and sizes constantly on hand at reasonable prices. Convenient rooms for holding bodies when received or to be transported by rail. Hearse service promptly attended to. Office, 22 Main street, (opposite Odd Fellows' Block, Residence, Chapman street, (next Odd Fellows' Block.) BETHEL, ME.

### London Assurance Corporation

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Assets Dec. 31, 1900.  
Stocks and bonds.....\$1,926,188.75  
Cash in office and bank.....234,888.91  
Bills receivable.....132.78  
Interest and rents.....5,589.09  
Uncollected premiums.....168,631.81  
All other assets.....79,299.81

Gross and admitted assets.....\$2,415,091.65  
LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1900.  
Net unpaid losses.....\$162,807.00  
Unearned premiums.....777,355.13  
All other liabilities.....65,819.79

Total.....\$1,069,081.92  
Surplus over all liabilities.....1,405,009.73

Total liabilities and surplus.....\$2,415,091.65  
W. J. WHEELER & Co., Agts., So. Paris, Me.

### Queen Insurance Company of America

Assets Dec. 31, 1900.  
Real estate.....\$720,164.73  
Stocks and bonds.....2,424,216.72  
Loans secured by collateral.....190,554.50  
Cash in office and bank.....267,397.18  
Interest and rents due and accrued.....47,115.67  
Uncollected premiums.....351,138.80  
All other assets.....648.66

Gross and admitted assets.....\$4,761,381.76  
LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1900.  
Net unpaid losses.....\$182,690.84  
Unearned premiums.....1,677,485.51  
All other liabilities.....141,101.49

Total.....\$3,901,277.85  
Cash capital.....500,000.00  
Surplus over all liabilities.....2,401,277.85

Total.....\$4,761,381.76  
W. J. WHEELER & Co., Agts., So. Paris, Me.

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Salary Yearly

Men and women of good address to represent us some to travel appointing agents, others for local work looking after our interests. \$900 salary guaranteed yearly; extra commissions and expenses, rapid advancement, old established house. Grand chance for earnest man or woman to secure pleasant, permanent position, liberal income and future. New, brilliant lines. Write at once.

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23 Church St., New Haven, Conn.

### Fireman's Fund Insurance Co.

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Assets Dec. 31, 1900.  
Real estate.....\$592,716.81  
Loans on mortgage.....280,187.64  
Stocks and bonds.....2,212,121.25  
Loans secured by collateral.....181,100.00  
Cash in bank.....190,554.50  
Bills receivable.....1,599.00  
Interest due and accrued.....61,719.82  
All other claims.....9,842.39

Total.....\$4,015,675.76  
LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1900.  
Unpaid losses and claims.....\$172,891.22  
Unearned premiums.....1,413,288.18  
All other demands.....81,825.21

Total amount of liabilities.....\$3,668,004.61  
Cash capital.....1,000,000.00  
Surplus.....1,347,671.15  
Total liabilities and surplus.....\$4,015,675.76  
CHAS. G. MASON, Agent, Norway, Me.



are properly grown and prevents

It is a genuine successful poultrymen

agents in every town and testimonials.

anted.

S. PAGE,



